

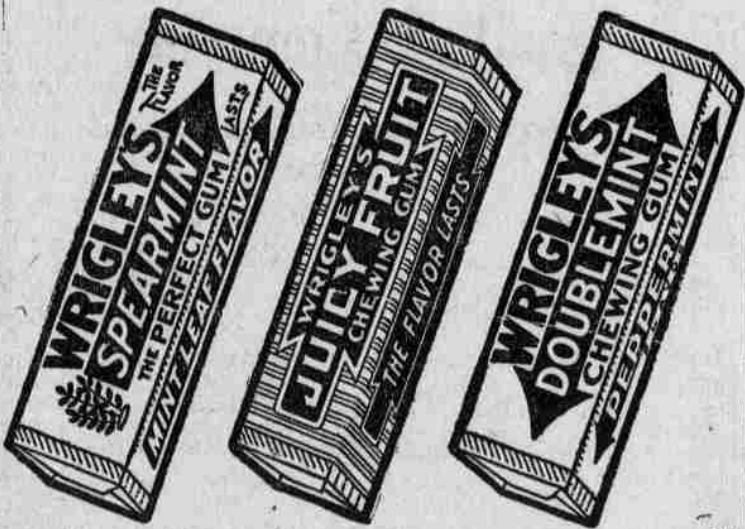
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MOTORS INSTEAD OF DOGS

Trip Over the Cascades in a Gasoline Sleigh Was a Distinct Success.

A spectacular trial trip was recently made across the Cascades in a motor sleigh, and a number of photographs, taken at various stages of the journey, are reproduced in Popular Mechanics. The achievement of the motor sleigh was almost as amazing as that of the first army tank, conquering, as it did, all kinds of obstacles. Skimming the surface of snowfalls, old or new, the strange little vehicle broke its way through primeval passes with never a stumble. The rescue of an automobile, hopelessly stalled in the drifts of Snoqualmie pass, was a mere incident in its progress. Crossing a deep gully on a pair of hemlock poles was but one of the day's adventures. The intended substitution of the motor sleigh for the dog drawn sledges of Alaska's snow-bound post trails means more to the people of that great territory than may be generally realized. Jack London and others have limned the malemute as a romantic figure; but the followers of the trail know well he is never that. It is the elimination of much human hardship, as well as canine inefficiency, that recommends the gasoline method.

Quick Action Called For.
When an angler drops a line he hopes to get an answer right away.

Time's Changes.

"Times shore change," philosophically said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Just tuther day, as it were, nobody thought anything in pertickler if a feller took a demijohn to church under the back seat of his wagon, and after the sermon had grown sorter tiresome winked a few of his friends outside to help him lap it up and fool around and swap horses and mebbe fight a little in a general way."

"But now, by grit, if he even smells of patent medicine on a week day he's got to produce the omenick and p'int out the place whur it says he's got the deadly disease that he claims to have taken the medicine for."—Kansas City Star.

Proud of His "Profession."

"Burglars who served in the army are going back to their old trade," said a London police official the other day. "These men deliberately elect to live by stealing because they find it adventurous. It was with the same spirit that they joined the army. At least one convicted burglar won the Victoria cross." Confirmation of this characteristic is provided by a captain in a famous fighting regiment, who declares that one of the bravest men in his company, a corporal with a D.C.M. and other honors, declared himself a professional thief. "His one regret," remarked the officer, "was that the recruiting authorities would not let him describe his occupation on his attestation papers as 'burglar.'"

MARRYING JASPER

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Professor Carleton glanced up from his desk impatiently as the study door opened. His impatience changed to mild resignation as he perceived the tall figure of his elder sister enter the room.

"Yes, Hephzibah," he meekly inquired.

"Jasper," she said, "the time has come when I must relieve myself of the care of your household. I am growing too old for the responsibility."

Professor Carleton ran his fingers perplexedly through his thick graying hair, beneath it his still young eyes gazed back distressed.

"Well, Hephzibah," he said at last, "you are justified in your determination. Martha will have to look after me as best she can."

"Martha," his sister explained, "is going with me. She is used to my ways and will need no training. You must make other plans for yourself."

"Plans!" gasped her brother. "What plans can I make concerning a household, Hephzibah, when I have always depended upon you?"

"That's just the trouble," his sister remarked, "you have depended too long. There is but one solution, you must find you a wife."

"A wife?" The professor blinked; if he had not been always absorbed in books he might have realized that discouragement of this very possibility had always been his sister's purpose.

At last to Hephzibah had come the solution: Prudence Winters, daughter of Professor Winters, deceased, should be chosen as the fortunate woman. True, Prudence was by several years Jasper's senior, but did not Jasper's advanced brain fit him to be suitably the companion of an older woman? And in Prudence the sister found all those virtues desired. So quietly she answered her brother's question.

"A wife certainly is the solution of your problem, and because your mind has been occupied with other matters, Jasper, I have thought the thing out for you. You must pay respectful attention to Prudence Winters. She is a woman who would make you entirely happy!"

"Is not Prudence," the professor asked disapprovingly, "that thin woman with the tired-looking face?"

"Faces," his sister severely remarked, "should no longer influence your choice. Practical worth is now your necessary consideration."

"But I'm not so old," Jasper demurred. "I have still a good many years before fifty."

Hephzibah fixed her cold eyes upon him.

"You have my suggestion," she said, and arose.

"What do you wish me to do?" the brother asked uneasily.

"For the sake of your own future comfort I advise you to pay your addresses as soon as possible to Prudence Winters," Hephzibah said, and passed from the room.

Undoubtedly the professor fingered his hat. His sister had spoken; soon she and Martha would leave him alone in his helplessness; perhaps after all her plans might be worth consideration. Jasper had learned to have confidence in Hephzibah's judgment. Slowly he passed down the street to Prudence Winters' home, but when he returned his face was gloomy.

Hephzibah's lips twisted in the nearest approach to a smile.

"Well?" she asked, "you found Prudence at home—and a worthy person?"

"As a housekeeper," her brother dryly replied, "Prudence is doubtless unexcelled."

"You must go again," his sister advised. "Next time you will also discover that she has brains."

And obediently Jasper went the second time. His countenance upon his return seemed somewhat brighter.

"You stayed longer this evening," Hephzibah said hopefully, "you discovered the brains."

"She has her interesting side," the brother admitted, but thereafter he appeared to need no further urging.

Jasper, now often sat smiling fatuously into vacancy—and to fancy one's self in love with a Prudence Winters—Hephzibah thought—must take imagination indeed! She was interrupted in her reflections by the unexpected appearance of a young woman in the doorway.

"How do do," remarked the young woman breezily. "I rang, but no one answering, and the door being open, I walked down through the hall."

"You are Hephzibah, aren't you? I'd know it." The young woman smiled and dimpled.

"Jazz sent me in for his cap," she said, "the wind blows his hat so in the car. And he said I'd better introduce myself—you'll have to know me better later. We are on our way to be married."

Hephzibah arose dazedly. "Jazz?" she repeated, "married? What do you mean?"

The lovely girl laughed. "Jazz—that's what I call Jasper," she exclaimed. "I met him at Aunt Prue's a month ago. She's going with us now to the parsonage where we are to be married. Jazz was afraid to tell you about it for fear you wouldn't approve of me."

Impulsively the girl caught Hephzibah's wrinkled hands in her warm ones.

"Oh! come along with us," she said. "He will be so pleased."

And to her own astonishment—Hephzibah went.

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Not Real.

Mrs. Bacon—I see in a new drama just produced a young man falls in love with his mother-in-law.
Mr. Bacon—"at you must remember, dear, the young man was only acting."
—Youkers Statesman.

At the Hospital.

"How is the marine doing with the floating kidney?"
"Oh, he's coming on swimmingly."

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There are 1,000,000 people in India engaged in the production of silk. Caterpillars and moths of the mulberry silk industry of India are entirely domesticated creatures. The Indians collect the cocoons spun by caterpillars and allow them to hatch, an exchange states. The females are kept until they lay eggs and when the caterpillars are large enough they are placed on trees to feed. When a tree is stripped a piece of cloth is hung from a limb and the caterpillars crawl onto it and are moved to another tree.

Tassar or tussor silk comes from China and Japan. Mugn silk is a product of Assam. Eri silk comes from caterpillars which feed on the castor oil plant. It is of great value in India, because it is the only silk that can be spun from cocoons without killing the insects in the cocoons and is therefore the only silk that can be worn by a strict Hindu.

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Certain Proof.

"There's one thing I'm thankful for," said Mrs. Crosslots. "My John is never goin' to be one o' them bolshivers."

"How do you know?"

"Well, of course, I'm not sure how people go about it to bolshiv. But I understand it's largely done by spreadin' flames, an' I don't believe there's a man on earth that hates the idea of gettin' up an' startin' a fire worse than John."



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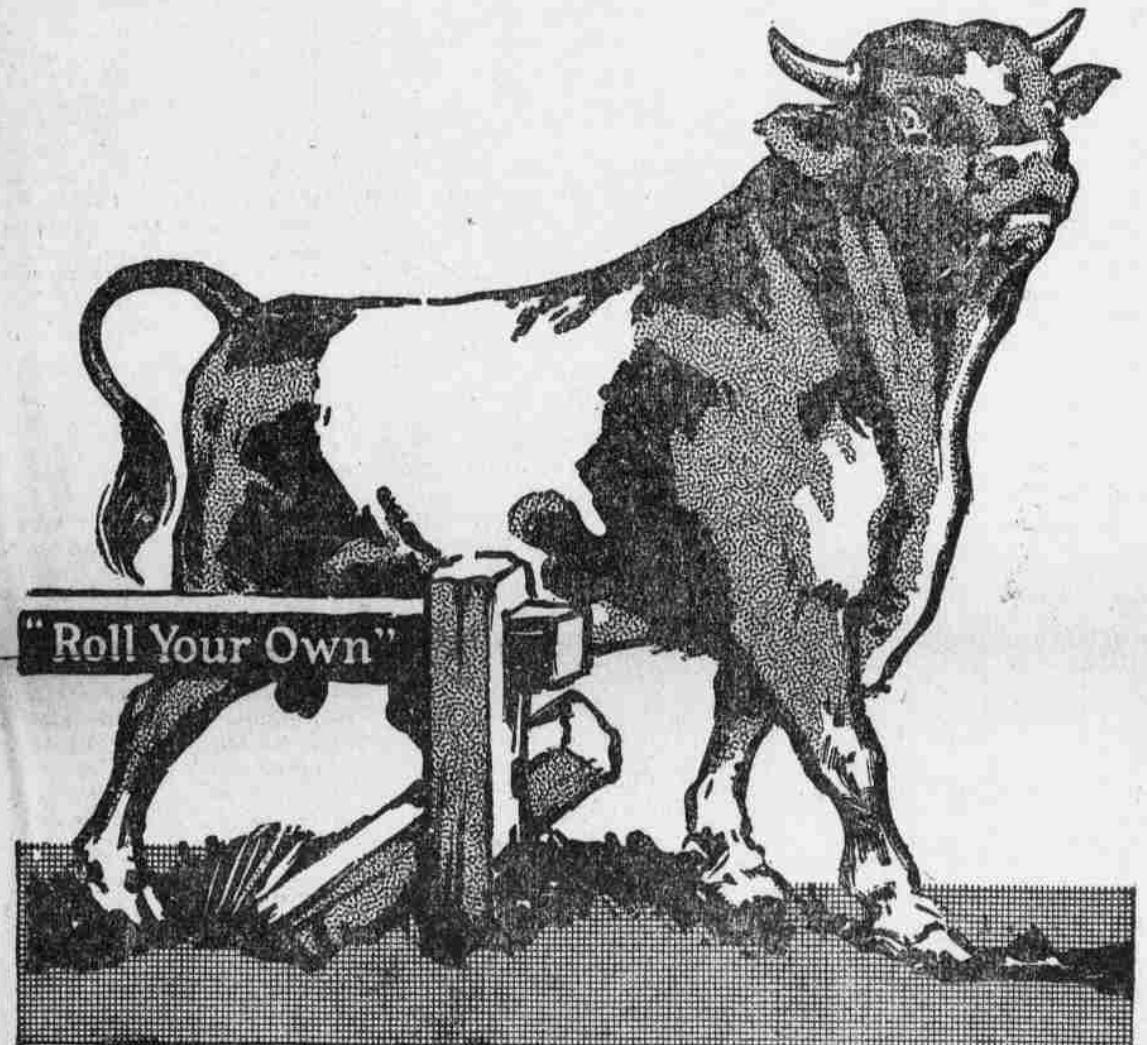
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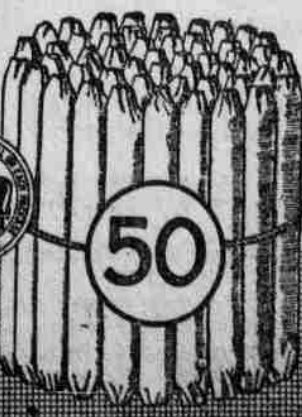
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